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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1880.

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"This song has had special favours bestowed upon it. The composer, Mrs Gould, is well known for her efforts on behalf of the Victoria Hospital for Children at Chelsea. Concerts organized to raise funds for that excellent institution by this lady have always been highly successful, and Mrs Osgood's singing of "The Time of Roses" has been a feature of each entertainment. Bouquets and baskets of the queen of flowers were offered on more than one occasion as applause. Two settings of the song—one in A flat for soprano, and one in F for contraltos—can be had. Of late years amateur musicians are entering the field with professionals, not only as executants, but as composers."—*Literary World*.

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COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.

As the season advances these entertainments are becoming more and more attractive, which may be attributed in a great degree to the studied variety of the programmes. At each successive concert there is something new of more or less interest. The selection on the last "English Night," for example, may be pointed to as a model. Every piece, vocal and instrumental, was from the pen of an English composer, or—as in the instances of Benedict's overture to the *Lily of Killarney* and the march from Costa's *Ella*, either at all times welcome—of a naturalized English resident. The concert opened with G. A. Macfarren's "Festival Overture," composed expressly for Liverpool, where, not long since, it met with well-deserved applause. This was succeeded by the *allegretto* from Mr F. H. Cowen's Symphony in C minor, his first orchestral work of consequence, produced nearly ten years ago, and encouraging hopes which, now that our gifted young countryman is coming so prominently forward, will doubtless be fulfilled. The *allegretto* is a movement instinct with genuine beauty, and scored for the instruments with a delicacy calling for high praise. It could hardly have been better performed. Mr. Cowen should give us one or two movements from his second Symphony (in F); and as soon as convenient, the whole of his third (in C minor)—if, as we have reason to believe, it is entirely completed. After two songs—"False Friend, wilt thou smile or weep?" (J. W. Davison) and "It was a lover and his lass" (Hubert Parry), one melancholy, the other gay, both given in perfection by Madame Antoinette Sterling—came the leading feature of the concert—Sterndale Bennett's pastorale cantata, *The May Queen*, which, besides having the true English ring about it, is a pattern of tuneful simplicity and unaffected grace. First introduced at the Leeds Festival of 1858 (which Bennett—himself a Yorkshireman—conducted), *The May Queen* is still popular throughout the country, and likely to remain so. This, of course, required a chorus, and the members of Mr W. Lemare's Brixton Choir did service on the occasion. The singing of the ladies and gentlemen composing this suburban choir, if by no means irreproachable, was at any rate painstaking, and, the scant opportunity offered to Mr Cowen of rehearsing with band and principal vocalists taken into consideration, entitled to proportionate indulgence. The performance generally, however, and for the same reason, can only lay claim to qualified approval, which leads to an inference that, except in the shape of unaccompanied part-songs, choral music is out of place at these entertainments. If a work like *The May Queen* cannot obtain adequate rehearsal (and how, in the circumstances, is that possible?), it had better be left alone. The leading parts were undertaken by Miss Anna Williams (the May Queen), Mr Frank Boyle (the Lover), Miss Josephine Cravino (Queen of England), and Mr Walter Clifford (Robin Hood). All did their best, and Mr Frank Boyle won merited applause in the tenor air, "O meadow clad in early green;" but on the whole the result hardly came up to what the admirers of Sterndale Bennett's natural and lovely music could have wished. The overture, originally styled *Marie du Bois* (for reasons only known to the composer's intimate friends), and written many years before the cantata, was, perhaps, the best interpreted number in the work; but then the orchestra, almost to a man, must have known it by heart, and no music is more popular with our instrumental musicians than that of Bennett. On Monday the whole of the first part was given to Beethoven. With an interesting programme, and a performance almost all that could be wished, the selection was, nevertheless, too long. The overture to *Prometheus*, the third pianoforte concerto, and the fifth orchestral symphony, with a couple of vocal pieces thrown in, would have answered every purpose; but to these being added the *larghetto* from another symphony (No. 2), and the *scherzo* from yet another (No. 9), a surfeit of good things was the result. All passed off well, however; and had the Symphony in C minor, or, at any rate, the excerpts from Symphony in D and the Symphony in D minor (the "Choral") been left out, there would have been no cause for grumbling. As it happened, a fairly-balanced Philharmonic programme was compressed into the one half of a "Promenade!" That is not the method, Mr Cowen, by which to convert the *profanum vulgus* to your own legitimate way of thinking. Mlle Timanoff, from Russia, a pupil of Franz Liszt's, undertook the pianoforte part in the C minor Concerto, and played it with remarkable spirit throughout. This extremely clever young lady, whose mechanism sets difficulties at naught, is hardly so much at ease in the music of Beethoven as in that of her distinguished master, or in that of Anton Rubinstein, Liszt's most formidable rival, specimens of both which she has introduced, with great and merited applause, at the Covent Garden Concerts. Her execution, for instance, on Monday, of a "Tarantella" (so-called—though it would be hard to imagine any set of Neapolitans dancing to such a tune) by Liszt, was, after its manner, prodigious—quite

enough, indeed, to justify the uproarious applause it elicited. Mr Cowen would seem to be seized with a Liszt fit; how otherwise account for a second performance of the *Rhapsodie Hongroise*, one of the most unwinning pieces of orchestral music that imagination could possibly conceive? The Beethoven concert must not be dismissed without recognition of the excellent singing of our young contralto, Miss Orridge, and our long experienced tenor, Mr Edward Lloyd, the former of whom in the canzonet, "In questa tomba oscura," the latter in "Adelaida" (ably accompanied by A. H. Thouless), won the favourable opinion of every competent judge. At the "Classical Night," on Wednesday, the programme was also interesting. A Symphony in D, by Mozart (little known), the interludes to *Jessonda* and *Ruy Blas* (Spohr and Mendelssohn), and Dvorak's "Slavonian Dance," No. 2, were the orchestral pieces; Mlle Timanoff playing with brilliant execution the *adagio* and *scherzo* from Henri Litolf's "Concerto Symphonique." Mr Vernon Rigby, Mdme Antoinette Sterling, and Miss Annie Marriott were the singers, the first selecting "Un'aura amorosa" from Mozart's *Così fan tutte*, the second the recitative and air, "Quando miro," by the same composer, the last Mendelssohn's "Infelice"—all three singing their very best. The second part began with Auber's "Exhibition" overture (transposed half a tone, to accommodate the military band). Last night there was a highly interesting English programme, of which we must defer speaking till next week.

In Memoriam.

LILIAN ADELAIDE NEILSON.

Died in Paris, August 14th, 1880.

(From the "Theatre.")

What shall my gift be to the dead one lying
Wrapt in the mantle of her mother earth?
No tear, no voice, no prayer, or any sighing,
Gives back her face made beautiful by birth.
Honour was due to one whose soul was tender,
Whose nature quickened at the touch of art;
Now that the struggle's over, God will send her
Mercy and peace to soothe her troubled heart.
Tears will be shed; for who dare raise the finger
Of scorn when all is buried in the grave?
Some pity near her memory will linger;
Upon life's stormy sea she tossed—a wave!
Life's weary hill she bravely fell in breasting,
Her work was done; "Oh take me home," she sighs;
Whisper it low, she sleeps not, "she is resting,"
So fell the curtain, and she closed her eyes.
The flowers she loved will deck the cross that shows us
Where all remains of what was once so fair.
Yes! she is dead, but still perhaps, she knows us
Who say "Implora pace!" for our prayer.
They gave love's playthings, who were wont to win her,
As Juliet coaxed to happiness her nurse;
But I, who knew the goodness that was in her,
Place humbly on her grave—this leaf of verse!

C. S.

Armathwaite Castle, August 19th, 1880.

The manager of the Pergola and Pagliano, Florence, will include in his programme Bizet's *Carmen*, Auteri's *Stella*, and Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*.

DESSAU.—The monument to Franz Diener, the singer, has been solemnly inaugurated amid marks of liveliest sympathy. A prominent feature of the monument is a bust of the deceased in white Carrara marble. In front is the inscription: "Franz Diener, born the 19th February, 1849; died the 15th May, 1879 at Dessau." The consecration took place at seven o'clock, p.m. It was attended by the relatives, friends, and former colleagues of the deceased, as well as by a large number of the public. The proceedings commenced with a song given by the Singers' Union under Herr Thiele, Ducal Capellmeister, followed by a speech from Herr Adolf Meyer, member of the dramatic company at the Ducal Theatre. The grave and monument were strewn with flowers.

THE INTERNATIONAL SINGING MATCH IN COLOGNE.*

14—17 AUGUST.

I.

"Küllen eine Kroyen
Boven alle Steden schoin."

The old saying contains a good dose of local patriotism; when, however, there is a question of holding a festival, of welcoming and entertaining visitors, the ancient town on the Rhine knows how to deck itself out; it is so filled with the joyous, kindly spirit of good-nature that we cannot blame it for the very high opinion it holds of itself. In the Singing Match, especially and genuinely a man's festival, Colonia has again exhibited herself in her best light; there exists within her walls a peculiar sympathy for male choral singing, which long found in the Cologne Male Choral Union its most eminent and most artistically accomplished representatives. This was the society which, in the fifth decade of the present century, made long art-journeys, and gained in one single trip to England a clear surplus of 60,000 marks. Of late years, Vienna seems to have fought its way to the foremost rank; but in Cologne and on the Rhine the Male Choral Union has served as a model for numerous smaller societies, and exercised a beneficial influence in ennobling this particular branch of art. One of the bodies for which it thus served was the Cologne Liederkrantz, which has now celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary and organized the International Singing Match. The book published by it contains a short chronicle of itself. It sprang from the honourable class of handicraftsmen. We find no remarkable facts, but the association has laudably endeavoured to do its best; it has given for charitable purposes a large number of concerts, yielding, in 25 years, "21,114" marks; it has had its share of victory in competitions open to the world, carrying off, for instance, a second prize at the Paris International Exhibition of 1867, and a first prize in 1875 at Ghent, and in 1879 at Antwerp. When in 1879, the members were called on to decide how they should celebrate their jubilee, a conviction gained ground that "after their successes they had higher and international obligations." So they summoned the "World of Singers" to a competition. The numerous large and small associations of the Rhine-Province, inspired by love of artistic combat, came forward in full strength, but the greater the distance from the battle-field, the less was the interest displayed in the matter. Had not Belgium been represented by nine associations, and Holland by 4, and had not Dresden, Innsbruck, and two or three other German towns sent delegates, it would have been impossible to speak of an International, or, in a general sense, even of a German Match. 7,000 singers is certainly a goodly number, but, A.D. 1865, far above 15,000 assembled at the German Vocal Festival held in Dresden, and very many new associations have been established since then. However, trouble enough was experienced so to distribute the 7,000 that all the business might be got through in the two days set apart for the competition.

The proceedings commenced on Saturday, the 14th, by a gathering in the Victoria Hall. It was impossible, however, to accept seriously the musical attractions there offered. An amateur band worked away incessantly and exhibited exceptional skill in the art of playing quite different pieces to those in the programme. Can it have been so difficult to procure a band worthy of the occasion? The festival-giving Liederkrantz sang a few choruses and proved that it is their happy lot to have still a very great deal to learn ere they can claim to be judged by an art-standard; speeches, good and bad, were made; the "jubilee wine," of which many will long preserve a painful recollection, was drunk; the founder and president of the association received the Order of the Crown from the Chief Burgomaster; and at a late hour the assembly dispersed in joyful expectation of the much-promising Sunday. This found the singers assembled in the courtyard of the Dominican Barracks, whence, after a glowing and kindly speech from the Chief Burgomaster, Herr Becker, and an enthusiastic cheer for the Emperor, they ranged themselves in order of procession. Accompanied through the bewreathed and beflagged streets—in places also strewn with flowers—by various musical societies dressed in mediæval costume, they then set out, being greeted all along their passage by loud cheers and manifestations of good

will from a countless multitude. The Match commenced at one o'clock. The system adopted was that of distributing the different associations into classes as follows: 4th class, German associations from places with less than 3,000 inhabitants but with at least 21 members in each association (41 associations); 3rd class, German associations from towns containing from 3,000 to 10,000 inhabitants, with at least 25 members in each association (21 associations); 2nd class, German associations from towns containing from 10,000 to 25,000 inhabitants, with at least 35 members in each association (20 associations); 1st class, German associations from towns containing above 25,000 inhabitants, with at least 50 members in each association (16 associations). The value of the prizes was regulated by the importance of the associations, and 24, in medals, goblets, and money, were set apart for the Germans.

The Belgian associations were separated into two classes; the second class included 4 associations from towns of less than 20,000 inhabitants; the first, 5 associations from towns of more than 20,000 inhabitants. Finally, there was a Dutch class with 4 associations. On Sunday all these classes sang for the class-prizes. First prizes were gained (in class IV.) by the Cecilia Association, Godesberg, 2,870 inhabitants, 23 members; Odenkirchen, Church-Vocal-Union, 2,800 inhabitants, 27 members; (in class III.) by the Quartet Union, Nippes, 9,586 inhabitants, 30 members; (in class II.) by the Liedertafel, Innsbruck, 18,000 inhabitants, 45 members; (class I.) by the Liedertafel, Dresden, 200,000 inhabitants, 48 members.—Belgium. Class II. Société chorale, St Nicolas, near Liège, 5,000 inhabitants, 66 members; (class I.) Cercle Choral, Liège, 120,000 inhabitants, 68 members.—Holland. Enterpe, Amsterdam, 330,000 inhabitants, 43 members.

The pieces for classes IV., III., and II. were in each case two, selected by the association itself; the piece for the 1st German class was a prize-chorus, "Wanderlust," by A. Dregert; for the 1st Belgian and for the Dutch, a chorus, "Lenzerwachen," by Brembach (translated into French for Belgium but sung in German by the Dutch), and likewise a chorus chosen by themselves. The competitors sang in four large buildings (the Gürzenich, Circus Carré, the Victoria Hall, and the Emperor's Hall). Despite this highly practical arrangement, the singing in the Gürzenich lasted till nearly midnight. Judged after my general impression on Saturday, the Belgian associations were the most carefully trained, and the singing of the St Nicolas Société Chorale may be considered the culminating point of the match. The Dutch distinguished themselves by more fire than, arguing from their traditional nature, we give them credit for. One Amsterdam association, "Zanglust," consists entirely of members of the Jewish faith. The German associations have made unmistakable progress, but do not possess the precision, strongly marked rhythmical feeling, or fire of the Belgians. The Dresden Liedertafel was by far the best among the Germans.

At 10 o'clock on Monday morning the eight associations mentioned above competed for the Empress's prize, two very valuable Chinese vases. The match ended in the afternoon by the competing bodies singing for the prizes of the "Highest International Class of Honour," as it is called, for which only such associations were admitted as had carried off first prizes or prizes of honour at previous matches. The Emperor's present, a large gold medal, and 2,000 marks from the town of Cologne, constituted the first prize; a silver-gilt tazza on a carved foot, presented by the Crown Prince, the second; and a magnificent goblet, contributed by the Cologne Male Choral Union, the third in this "Highest International Class of Honour." The judges decided that the Dresden Liedertafel was the victor. The public, who attended in thousands, were somewhat astonished; it was thought Belgium would have won.

(To be continued.)

SONDERSHAUSEN.—In consequence of circumstances resulting in the resignation of Herr Erdmannsdorfer, the *Capellmeister*, there was a probability that the Prince would disband his orchestra. Things, however, have taken a favourable turn. The Prince will not withdraw his subvention, and the *Lohconcerte*, or "Tan-Concerts," will be continued. A few years ago the orchestra consisted of forty performers, it then increased to forty-eight, and now has forty-three, some of whom count from twenty to thirty years' service.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

Brown's Letters to Huetter.

(Continued from page 547.)

LETTER III.

My Lord,—Recitative and Air may be considered as genera in music, and the different kinds of each as species.

What I have already had the honour of submitting to your Lordship's perusal, on the subject of Recitative, may serve partly to explain the nature of Air. All those passages where the transition from one emotion to another is sudden and violent, and which, therefore, can neither, on account of their brevity, make each a whole of itself, nor, by reason of their variety, be made parts of the same whole, are expressed in Recitative. Those, on the other hand, in which one sentiment pervades a whole sentence composed of different parts become proper subjects for Air; and, indeed, every complete musical strain may, with great justness, be termed a sentence or period in melody. Before proceeding to speak of the different kinds of Airs, it may not be improper to say something of the Symphony by which they are in general preceded. This Symphony is the enunciation, by the orchestra, of the strain or subject, what the Italians call the *motivo* of the Air; and when not improperly introduced (which it always is when the sense admits not of any pause), serves several useful purposes; it gives time for the singer to breathe, already, perhaps, fatigued by a long recitative; it often fills up, with propriety, a natural pause, and always finely prepares the audience for what is to come after, by enabling them, having thus once heard the strain, to listen with more intelligence, and, of consequence, with more interest and pleasure to the song. Besides, the general use of the Symphony renders the omission of it, on particular occasions, beautiful and striking. Thus, for example, at the end of a Recitative, or at the beginning of a scene, when the audience are expecting, as usual, the preparatory Symphony to the Air, they are suddenly surprised by the violent burst of some impetuous passion, which admitted of no possible pause. The propriety of having, in such a circumstance, omitted the Symphony, comes forcibly on the mind, as, *vice versa*, the effect of the omission here confirms the propriety of using it where the sense allows it to be introduced. Sometimes, again, the Symphony is omitted in a very different manner, though with equal propriety. When, for instance, in an accompanied recitative, after a succession of very different emotions, some sentiment is supposed to take possession of the mind, related to that which is to be the subject of the Air, and to which it is afterwards led by a gradation of kindred emotions. The progress, in this case, from Recitative to Air, is so gentle that the audience frequently find themselves melting into tears at the affecting and continued melody of the Air, before they are aware that the Recitative is ended. This imperceptible transition is effected sometimes by subjecting the recitative itself to musical measure, and making the notes of it, by degrees, take a resemblance to those of the Air. At other times, it is brought about by introducing, in the instrumental parts, during the pauses of the Recitative, passages of the strain which is to make the subject of the Air; sometimes by both these means. The effect of this gradual transition is always very fine, and, as your Lordship will observe, is, in part, derived from that habitual distinction which the audience are accustomed to make between Recitative and Air. As to the airs themselves, your Lordship will conceive that they are as various as their subjects. These are every possible sentiment, affection, or passion, the expression of which is extended through one sentence of a certain length; such sentences as these, *I love, I fear his wrath, I mourn her loss*, though all proper subjects for musical expression, being evidently too short to afford matter for a strain or melody, which, however simple, must still be composed of parts, the relations of which to one another, and to one whole, constitute, indeed, the essence of such strain. The Air, though it must contain at least one complete sentence, is not, however, limited to one alone. It is often composed of two, sometimes of more parts; but these, whether related by analogy or by contrast to the principal one, must each strictly belong to the same whole. The Airs are divided, by the Italians, into certain classes; these classes are originally founded on real distinctions, drawn from the nature of the various affections of the mind; but musicians, who, like other artists, are seldom philosophers, have distinguished them by names relative to the practice of their own profession. The principal are the following:—

Aria Cantabile—by pre-eminence so-called, as if it alone were song; and, indeed, it is the only kind of song which gives the singer an opportunity of displaying at once, and in the highest degree, all his powers, of whatever description they be. The proper subjects for this Air are sentiments of tenderness.

Aria di portamento—a denomination expressive of the carriage (as they thus call it) of the voice. This kind of Air is chiefly composed of long notes, such as the singer can dwell on, and have, thereby,

an opportunity of more effectually displaying the beauties, and calling forth the powers of his voice; for the beauty of sound itself, and of voice in particular, as being the finest of all sounds, is held, by the Italians, to be one of the chief sources of the pleasure we derive from music. The subjects proper for this Air are sentiments of dignity.

Aria di mezzo carattere.—Your Lordship can be at no loss to understand this term; though I know no words in our language by which I could properly translate it. It is a species of Air, which, though expressive neither of the dignity of this last nor of the pathos of the former, is, however, serious and pleasing.

Aria parlante—speaking Air, is that which, from the nature of its subject, admits neither of long notes in the composition, nor of many ornaments in the execution. The rapidity of the motion of this Air is proportioned to the violence of the passion which is expressed by it. This species of Air goes sometimes by the name of *aria di nota e parola*, and likewise of *aria agitato*; but these are rather sub-divisions of the species, and relate to the different degrees of violence of the passion expressed.

Aria di bravura, aria di agilità—is that which is composed chiefly, indeed, too often, merely to indulge the singer in the display of certain powers in the execution, particularly extraordinary agility or compass of voice. Though this kind of air may be sometimes introduced with some effect, and without any great violation of propriety, yet, in general, the means are here confounded with the end.

Rondo—is a term of French origin, unknown, I believe, till of late to the Italian musicians. It relates merely to a certain peculiarity in the construction of the song, in which the composer, after having properly established the subject, carries it through a variety of tones, every now and then returning to the principal strain or part, and always concluding with it.

Cavatina—is an expression which likewise relates to the form alone, meaning an Air of one part, without repetition.

These, to the best of my remembrance, are the classes into which the Italians have divided Air. I shall now say something of each class; and, in doing so, I hope to give your Lordship some idea of the great extent as well as precision of the Italian music, and to show that, though the names of these classes be evidently taken from circumstances of practice, yet these circumstances, if properly attended to, will be found to be strictly connected with, and, indeed, to originate from distinctions of a higher kind, which must have been previously made with respect to the nature of the passions, and their effect on utterance and expression. Whether the Italian composers, in observing these distinctions, have been guided by some system, or have been merely influenced by feeling, I cannot take upon me to say. I am rather, however, inclined to think that the latter is the case; in the first place, because I never heard of any such system existing among them, and, because I have been personally acquainted with several of their finest composers now living, that had no idea of it; and, again, because I think that, to the want of such a system can be alone attributed the gross deviations (which, even in the works of their greatest masters, are sometimes to be met with), from its most obvious and most essential principles.

Brown.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programmes of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 26th:—

Overture, in D major, Op. 60	Romberg.
Air, "Love in her eyes sits playing"	Handel.
Scherzo for the organ, in A minor	W. T. Best.
Andante, in B flat, from the Second Organ Symphony	C. M. Widor.
Fantasia and Fugue, in G minor	Bach.
Procession March (<i>Guillaume Tell</i>)	Rossini.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, AUGUST 28th:—

Organ Sonata, in A minor, Op. 25	J. A. Van Eyken.
Pastorale (<i>Jeanne d'Arc</i>)	C. Gounod.
Prelude Religieux pour l'orgue, in F sharp minor	Rossini.
Andante con Variazioni, from the Notturmo for Wind Instruments	Schubert.
Fugue, in A minor (Con moto continuo)	Bach.
Triumphal March and Chorus, "Sing unto God"	Handel.

*. The sonatas by Dussek, Op. 46, are not for violin and piano, but for piano alone.—DR BLIDGE.

VIENNA.—Mlle. Meisslinger, who has been on the stage only a year, made her *début* lately as Fides in *Le Prophète* at the Imperial Operahouse. Her performance, though lacking experience, was full of promise. The audience were liberal in applause.

GERMAN CONSCIENCE AND FRENCH PATRIOTISM.

(From the "London Figaro.")

There was a banquet at Copenhagen. Baron Magnus, the German Envoy, in proposing the toast of France, complimented Mlle Sarah Bernhardt with great warmth and vigour. The distinguished actress gave the enthusiastic Baron Attie salt for his soft-sawder, and concluded her caustic speech by expressing a hope that the toast of the German Ambassador had been to the whole of France, Alsace-Lorraine included. The company applauded the hit, and then Mlle Bernhardt intoned the Danish war song—it must have been a treat to hear her—that was sung when the Danes were fighting the Germans.

In all that there was nothing very terrible. A lady had with ready wit very much worsted a gentleman who had assailed her with compliments. As Mlle Bernhardt is a Frenchwoman, she was, no doubt, in earnest about Alsace-Lorraine; for, of course, no son or daughter of France is reconciled to the loss of the fair provinces. Prince Bismark was perfectly aware when he took Alsace-Lorraine he was inflicting a wound that would not be closed, much less healed, in a generation. A member of the French Legation spoke of the ancient friendship between Denmark and France, and he was loudly cheered. Perhaps the German Envoy looked wroth, or muttered guttural curses, for the gentleman who was presiding at the banquet left the table.

It is stated that the German Government is so disturbed by the incident that poor Baron Magnus, who will probably never compliment another lady, is to have a prolonged leave of absence. So it seems that the German Government has a conscience, not the sort of conscience that makes a Government act righteously, but makes it absurdly nervous as to the probable consequences of its wrong-doing. The German Government is so conscious of the wrong it has inflicted on France by the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, that the pungent wit of a brilliant and accomplished French actress is treated as a diplomatic affair.

BRUSSELS.

(Correspondence.)

The company at the Théâtre de la Monnaie remains for the season of 1880-81 unchanged, save for the return of Mlle. Fursch-Madier and the engagement of two new artists:—Mlle. Marie Vachot, of the Grand Opera, Paris, who opened very successfully in *Lucia*, and Mlle. Bosman-Huyk, who has recently distinguished herself at the Conservatory Concerts and elsewhere.—Limnander's *Monténégrins* was revived on the 28th August, in connection with the National Quinquagintenary. The composer superintended the rehearsals.—At their last meeting, the members of the Literary and Artistic Congress discussed the conditions under which the adaptation, translation, and performance of a work on the stage came into the "public domain," and the principles which should be followed in international conventions affecting dramatic works. The Congress expressed a wish that the rights of foreign authors should be assimilated to those of native authors, but that the interests of Belgian managers should be provisionally safeguarded by temporary measures.

LYONS.—The Academy of Sciences and Fine Arts has offered a prize to be awarded in 1882, for the best *Recueil et appréciations critiques, avec preuves à l'appui, des chants populaires, tant anciens que modernes, du Lyonnais et des provinces limitrophes (Beaujolais, Forez, Vivarais, Dauphiné, Bressé, and Maconnais)*. The prize will consist of a gold medal, worth 1,200 francs.

MUNICH.—A national Bavarian air has been published, words by Oechner, music by Hans von Bülow.—The story of the Beautiful Melusine, differing from that of Lohengrin only by the fact of the hero, not the heroine, being punished for curiosity, has of late years possessed a strange fascination for German composers. Within a short period two more or less operatically Beautiful Melusines have competed for public favour—the first composed by Hentschel, *Capellmeister* at Bremen, the second by Carl Gramann. A third has now been added by Von Perfall, Intendant of the Bavarian Theatres Royal.

THE TREBELLI CONCERTS IN SWEDEN.

—Trebellikonserten å teatern (Malmö) i gar afton hade samlat ett för årstiden godt hus och var en af de gedignaste och mest helgjutna musikaliska konstinjätningar som här på länge bjudits. Madame Trebelli har genom sin hänförelse och säregna altröst samt sin fulländade sängkonst alltid med full rätt räknats till stjernorna af första ordningen på konstens himmel, och hon har så långt ifrån gått tillbaka sedan vi sist hörde henne, att hennes sång nu föreföll om möjligt mera tjugusande och själfvull än någonsin förut. Äfven de henne denna gång åtföljande artisterna voro samt och synnerligen af framstående slag, hvilket utgjorde det icke minst angenäma vid gårdagens konsert. Herr Westberg har en särdeles ren, klangfull och sympatetisk tenor med skola och fint föredrag, hvilken isynnerhet framträdde till sin fördel i ett par romanser, ett område som för öfrigt mest af alla tyckes ligga för hans begåfning. Han såväl som madame Trebelli helsades före och efter hvarje nummer med det lifligaste bifall, som ej sällan steg till entusiastiskt jubel och fann uttryck i ständiga inropningar jemte blomsterkastning till den sistnämnda. Ej mindre framgång vann herr Mussin med sin violin; man lärde i honom känna en konstnär som med ovanlig smak och färdighet behandlar sitt svåra instrument, i hvilket han har en synnerligen mjuk och vacker ton och med hvars innersta väsen och fordringar han tyckes vara fullt förtrogen. Sin virtuositet lade han särskildt i dagen i en af honom själf komponerad Capriccio, som spelades i stället för den på programmet upptagna konserten af Saint-Saëns, samt i Carneval de Venise, hvilken han efter sista inropningen gaf som extranummer. Pianisten Li Calsi utmärker sig för ett solidt och redbart spel, och det af honom utförda solostycket, "La chasse" af Prudent, åhördes med stort nöje. Publikens bifallsyttringar voro så ihållande, att de flesta numren måste repeteras och till slut inropades samtliga uppträdande.—*Sydsvenska Dagbladet Smållposten*, Aug. 20.

HOMBURG, NEAR FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE (from an occasional Correspondent).—Mlle Victoria de Bunsen the well known Swedish Cantatrice from London, during her stay here gave a *Matinée Musical* in the large Concert Room at the Kurhaus on Tuesday the 17 Instant. She was assisted by M. Hollman the Violoncellist to the King of the Netherlands, by Mr Charles Mason the well known English amateur who happened to be staying here for his health, and by Mr Hamilton Clarke the English Composer and Pianist. The Programme included "Nacqui all'affanno" from Cenerentola sung by Miss de Bunsen whose grand Contralto Voice and finished style of singing were shewn off to the greatest advantage in this piece, as also in the Serenade by Braga with the Charming and effective rendering of which she thoroughly delighted her audience. Afterwards she sang a Swedish ballad by Pacius and a Volkslied, as she alone can sing them. M. Hollman played Goltermann's Concerto in A minor, and Mendelssohn's Sonata in B flat for the Violoncello and pianoforte. As usual this artist exhibited the most complete mastery over his instrument and delighted all present by the very brilliant manner in which he performed the pieces assigned to him. Mr Charles Mason whose charming voice and finished style of singing is so well known in London Society made an equal success in "Con voi ber" from Carman by Bizet and in "Il farfallone del villaggio" by Mattei. Mr Clarke accompanied on the piano throughout in the most perfect manner, especially so in the Sonata which he played with M. Hollman.* The room was crowded by an appreciative audience who welcomed the beneficaire enthusiastically. Altogether the *matinée* was a complete success in every way and a general wish was expressed that it should be repeated. Accordingly M. Hollman gave a *Soirée Musicale* on the 21 Instant in which he was assisted by Mlle de Bunsen, Mr Charles Mason and Mr H. Clarke. M. Hollman played Mendelssohn's Sonata again, also a *fantaisie sur un theme de Beethoven* and *Papillon* by Popper, which latter piece showed his magnificent and thoroughly artistic playing to such advantage that it won for him an encore, when he gave Goltermann's Concerto in A minor. Mlle de Bunsen sang an air from Tancredi and an Ave Maria by Mons. E. Depret with Violoncello obligato played by M. Hollman, for which she was so enthusiastically applauded that she sang a Swedish melody in response. Mr C. Mason sang "Con voi ber" from Carman in a very spirited manner and in reply to the unanimous demand for an encore, he sang a Canzone buffa which greatly pleased the audience. Mr Clarke accompanied on the piano with his usual perfection of manner. The *Soirée* was a decided success and all who performed seemed from the very cordial way in which their performances were received, to have gained the favour of the elite of Homburg.

22 August, 1880.

X. X. X.

* A rather difficult accompanied, by the way.—DR BLIDGE.

SARAH BERNHARDT AT COPENHAGEN.

(From the Paris "Figaro.")

Last Friday there was a supper at the Hôtel-Royal, after the representation, given in honour of Sarah Bernhardt, by the notabilities of Copenhagen. There were about three hundred guests. At the dessert, after several toasts, proposed by Kammerherr Fallesen, the Director of the Royal Theatre, Herr Robert Watt, in the name of the press, and others, the Prussian Ambassador, Baron Magnus, was seen, to everyone's astonishment, to rise, glass in hand, and express himself as follows:—

"Je bois à la France, qui nous donne de si grands artistes, à la France, à la belle France, que nous aimons tous! . . ."

Then he held out his glass to "clink" with that of Mlle Sarah Bernhardt, who replied:—

"Pardonnez-moi, monsieur le baron, mon verre est vide!"

Then, rising, she said, with a vibrating voice, after having repulsed with a gesture—a gesture full of nobility, I assure you—the glass of the unfortunate Baron:—

"Je bois au peuple danois, à la famille royale de Danemark, dont j'ai reçu une si bonne hospitalité, et, comme M. le ministre de Prusse, je bois à la France, mais à la France, tout entière, n'est-ce pas, monsieur le baron?"

A VEXED QUESTION.

It will be bad for art when a check is put upon the privilege of audiences to approve or disapprove. In our theatres, concert-rooms, and music-halls, the public may, in a becoming manner, express their feelings, and the management can have no interest in seeing an audience sit in sombre silence. To the actor applause brings increased exertion. Charles Kean, whose experience of the stage might have made him indifferent to praise or censure, once said—"I knew that you were pleased, for I saw you applaud, and every man should express his satisfaction, even if too delicate to censure openly. We actors live on audibly expressed approval; it is the oil that makes the machinery work smoothly." Cheers not unfrequently greet successful representation, and groans may be permitted when dissatisfaction is merited. A pleased audience will sometimes make itself as great a nuisance as an audience dissatisfied. * * * I can join in a hearty burst of hilarity, but the continued giggle is irritating. Some cannot act without applause, and, playing to country audiences, if their usual "points" fail, are disconcerted. The displeasure of an audience occasionally stimulates the actor who plays the villain. In Iago actors have excited indignation. George Frederic Cooke gloried in the hooting his Iago usually called forth, and Charles Young once stated that at Drury Lane Theatre, a gentleman stood up in the stalls and, shaking his fist, called out—"Are you not a d— villain?" The interest of the audience was never more forcibly illustrated than when in *Arrah-na-Pogue*, where Shaun-the-Post seizes Michael Feeney by the throat, a voice in the gallery cried out—"Now you have got him choke the beggar." These incidents may be multiplied. How graphic the sympathy of the young sailor, who, just returned from a long voyage, went to see *Black-Eyed Susan*, and, jumping on the stage, offered to pay off the distress levied upon Susan's chattels.

The manager of the Holborn Music Hall was summoned for assaulting one who had hissed, and he had to pay forty shillings. The evidence clearly proved that he (the hisser) first hissed sitting down, and stood up because a child, aged five, called "Little Flo," was allowed to appear at eleven o'clock p.m. Even in this case the magistrates seemed to consider the man had a right to express his disapproval. The behaviour of certain members in every audience is open to question. There are many who enter a theatre for the sole purpose of fun, and, unless restrained, become objectionable. We have, in the same way, a noisy section in all music-halls, for whom the music has no attraction; worst of all, there are some who come for the sole purpose of talking, &c.; still, we may congratulate ourselves on the increase of thoughtful listeners in all our places of entertainment.

PHOSPHOR.

[It is my intention to revex this vexed question—whereby hangs, &c.—DR BLIDGE.]

The 25th of August was the bi-centenary of the Comédie-Française. It gave its first representation on Sunday, the 25th of August, 1680, in the salle of the Rue Mazarine, opposite the Rue Guénégaud. The bill was Racine's *Phèdre* and *Les Carrosses d'Orléans*, by Jean de la Chapelle. The receipts were 1,424 livres, 5 sols.—*London Figaro*.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM BEETHOVEN.

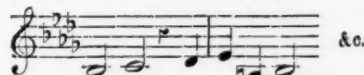
(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The remarks of Dr Blidge about "liberties with dead masters," as well as about the "so-called musicians who can't appreciate the harpsichord," *nec non*, his "Ha!" about Faure's 6,500 and 9,500 francs, receipts in Vichy, I thoroughly approve of (take it for what such approval may be worth); but what a goose Dr Blidge must be to search for a general lieutenant in Beethoven's "D. G. L.," which simply means "*Lieber Graf Lichnowski*," who had the MS. after it was engraved, and from whom Beethoven borrowed it to correct the slight errors, promising to return it if the Count "attach any value to it." Yours,

Aug. 29.

FRA ANGELO.

[I am no goose. I am not Dr Theodor Frimmel. Nor am I the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*. Therefore am I no goose. The transmitter of the letter of L. V. B. was a "Viennese autograph collector" (as you might read and see); the transmittée was Dr Theodor Frimmel (as you might read and see), who, in turn (as you might read and see), became transmitter, the transmittée now being (as you might read and see) Editor of the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*. If you, Fra Angelo, have missed fathoming the depths of those incomparably ironical foot-notes (*ante* 547) then must I ask you—what is the Latin for goose?



Ans(w)er. Otherwise I shall say—"Fra Angelo." Increase the length of your line and quadruple the gravity of your plumb. If you want to know something about "Op. 90," read the legend not related by Otto Jahn, and oblige yours semicircularly, —DR BLIDGE.]

AN INVITATION.

Come, come ye loit'ers in hot London air,
Come where for you Earth dons her mantle fair,
Come leave Pall-Mall and country blisses woo,
Your mind invig'rate and your strength renew,
For who can be quite blest who has not health?
Without it seem but phantoms rank or wealth,
Or fleeting pleasures money seems to give—
We but exist and breathe, we do not live.
Your holidays then spend in greenwood glade,
For Nature there her beauteous shrine has made;
The summer breezes, as they float along,
Bear on their scented gale Earth's glad-ome song;
'Neath glowing sun dance all the chattering leaves,
The reaper singing binds his golden sheaves;
Twixt flow'ry banks the river glides away,
And 'mid forget-me-nots the fairies play;
The rushes murmur to a low, soft tune,
How good the world! On this sweet autumn noon,
And gazing in the stream, her auburn hair
With blossoms decking, stands a maid most fair—
So young and innocent—whose eyes' deep hue
But mirror back the heavens' unclouded blue.*
The forest warblers, e'en without affright,
From leafy home gaze on the pretty sight;
As day-light wanes and stars bedeck the heaven,
Soft sounds Love's voice upon the summer ev'n—
All nature seems to join in hymns of praise,
T'wards the Eternal Throue our hearts we raise;
For absent ones by land or sea we pray,
And peaceful slumbers crown the happy day.

"CARLEON."

* Should like to see her.—DR BLIDGE.

BERLIN.—Nachbaur and Reichmann are re-engaged for next year by the manager of Kroll's. Mad. Ilma di Murska has been singing in *La Sonnambula* at the same theatre. Sig. Campobello was the Count.—A two-act comic opera, *Gabriele d'Estrees*, book by Hermann Rosenthal, music by Georg Jordan, has been produced at the Luisenstädtisches. The libretto, deficient in interest, abounds in bad verse; the music is to match—so say the Berlin critics. *Gabriele d'Estrees* will probably soon disappear from the bills, though the applause on the first night was vociferous.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POLKAW.—*Brahg, Stahg, Rahg, Crahg. Good. Gahle, Traihl, Avahl, Waihl. Bad.* I hate italics (except in letters from the pulchritudinous-beloved). Read *Clarissa Harlowe* to Cellier, Pellew, and Leopold Lewis; but *gasez un peu*. (I hate italics; and yet, without italics, what would be a letter from—say the authoress of *Mes Larmes*?) The sun shines, but I can't go forth. Read Shelley's *Triumph of Life*—which—poor great poet!—he was drowned before achieving. What's Keats to Shelley? A wafer to a star. *Fi donc!*

Swift as a spirit hastening to his task
Of glory and of good, the sun sprang forth,
Rejoicing in his splendour

JULES DE GLIMES.—*Trop tard mon ami. Elles ont quitté le pays. Une autre fois. La perte est la tienne.*

TO ADVERTISERS.—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1880.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

I norska *Morgenbladet* meddelas att Sarah Bernhardt ännu icke afgifvit något definitivt svar på teaterdirektörens gjorda förfrågan, huruvida hon jemte sitt franska sällskap skulle efter sitt vistande i Köpenhamn kunna gästa den norska hufvudstaden.—*Sydsvenska Dagbladet Snällposten.*

THE SONNET.

Weary of flapping wings against the gale
That scours the savage seas in blast and brag,
Weary of flying as a hunted stag
With clouds of blood-hounds closing on his trail,
Tired out with strife that seems of no avail,
The seamew falters downward like a rag
And perched at last upon a sheltered crag,
Gives every now and then its short shrill wail.

So, after a too venturesome assay
To scale the mountains of the human mind
And gaze on the full wonder of the world,
My soul all baffled by the deep, deep wind
And out of breath is biding with wings furled,
Upon a little foothold by the way.

TO THE SUN RISING.

The last night-cloud is gone. The hill is
Bright with the gold of the daffidownillies
That thou, sweet Sun, hast sprinkled in its
Fields to the song of the sunrise linnets.

The birds are hailing thee that dost banish
Night, and before whose vision vanish
All chilly shadows. The young cornflowers
Are smiling at thee in the dawn's first hours.

The glad world wakens to the new-comer
That brings the kisses of fullest summer,
And I that worship thy fair presence
Wistfully envy the Eastwind's pleasure.

For Oh for the roll of the glorious Atlantic
Wherever thou wendest in thy gigantic
Path through the pathless blue, up-burning
Hence from this clear fresh Eastland morning.



Oh for the West. Warm Sun I would follow
Thee faithfully as thine own sea-swallow
To meet thee again in that mystic even
On yonder the peaceful side of Heaven.

Love I would follow beneath like a billow
Whose bosom should serve thy head for pillow
When wearily we should sink together
With everything in a calm calm weather.

Polkaw.

A—O R—R.—Don't they? I hope they won't leap out to meet me at Norwich in 1881. Il ne me faut pas ça—il ne me faut pas ça! I wonder if they left out to Sir Julius? I'll ask Klein.



A — N R — N.—They don't leap out to meet me; et il me faut ça—il me faut ça!



(On Change.)

DR SHIPPING.—Have you heard the news?
DR QUINCE.—No. Have you?
DR SHIPPING.—No. There's some stirring.
DR QUINCE.—Where? How?
DR SHIPPING.—Don't know. Do you?
DR QUINCE.—No. They say that—
DR SHIPPING.—What?

DR QUINCE.—Can't tell.
DR SHIPPING.—Why?
DR QUINCE.—Don't know.
DR SHIPPING.—I see.
DR QUINCE.—What?
DR SHIPPING.—Schott.
DR QUINCE.—Mein Gott!

[Exeunt severally.]

STRAY SPRING LEAF.

What can I say to make her stay
A moment more of the evening here;
I'm always afraid of her going away
Now that I feel her near and dear,

Leaning alone now—she and I
Over the window sill. Below
Two lines of green trees run to the sky
And lose themselves in the pale green glow.

I can't think what to talk about
To keep her quiet for a little while
With her big brown eyes, and delicious pout
Of mouth ere it breaks out into a smile.

And her voice with its curious Yankee twang
And the artless words of the open heart
As they beam up sunnily. No slang.
And the laugh from the queer curved lips apart.

She hasn't the least idea that I'm
A good deal more than half in love.
And she turns away. So the little time
Is passed that I was just dreaming of.

Polkatw.

Isle off Bergen—Norway.



THE Prince of Wales is taken to task by the Carnarvon *Dydd* for not attending the "Royal Eisteddfod." "Wales"—says the *Dydd*—"has deserved better than this of His Royal Highness" who, "had there been a smart race at Penrhyn Castle, would no doubt have attended with much *éclat* and ceremony. But he cannot afford to put his nose in an eisteddfod. The loss is his." For "loss" read *gain*, and it will be nearer the truth. The Prince of Wales has to undergo a sufficient amount of boredom, and comports himself right manfully under the infliction. But an eisteddfod is a trifle too much for the strongest constitution. Anything more tedious it is hard to conceive. The Gorsedd is a mummery which in these days has no significance whatever, while the musical performances seldom rise above mediocrity.

AMONG the operas produced by Mr Carl Rosa in Dublin were *Mignon*, *Carmen*, *Stradella* (Flotow's), the *Bohemian Girl*, and *Maritana*. Every one was successful and drew crowded houses; but the most successful of all were the last two named, each the work of an Irish-born musician. Resume your shillelagh, then, oh! Paddy—or the O'Devilshoof will be upon you.

SARAH BERNHARDT.—Mdlle Sarah Bernhardt returned a few days ago from Copenhagen to Paris. She brought back with her a gorgeously-bound album, containing the signatures of a large number of distinguished persons. In addition to the large sums received from the manager of the Theatre Royal, Copenhagen, in accordance with agreement, Mdlle Bernhardt was presented by him with the sum of 3,000 francs, in consideration of the success of the performances. When, however, the Danes allow this gifted, impetuous lady to disturb the balance of power in Europe, is there not something rotten in the state of Denmark? Mdlle Bernhardt opens her tour in the French provinces at Tours (no pun) on Saturday, the tenth anniversary of the birth of Gambetta's Republic. She will proceed thence to Angers, Nantes, Bordeaux, Toulouse, Lyons, diverge to Geneva for two days, next to Marseilles, and finish at Dijon on the 27th of September. *Frou-Frou* and *Adrienne Lecouvreur* are the only pieces she takes with her.—*The London Light*.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

HERR MAX BRUCH is betrothed to Mdlle Clara Tucek.

It is said that Sig. Boito is to write a *Life of Verdi*, an English version of which will be published by Sampson Low & Co. (Should like to see it.—DR BLIDGE).

BOTTESINI will officiate as conductor during Mad Adelina Patti's grand concert tour.—(Hoch!—DR BLIDGE).

RICHARD WAGNER recently visited Perugia to witness a performance of Verdi's *Aida*.

MAD. MONTIGNY-RÉMAURY will be the pianist at the first autumn concert, Liverpool, under Max Bruch, on the 5th October, and at Mr Charles Hallé's opening concert in Manchester, on the 25th of the same month. (Bon pour Manchester et Liverpool.—DR BLIDGE.)

AT Hamburg Boito's *Mefistofele* is to follow Rubinstein's *Demon* at the Stadttheater, where, during the winter, there are to be also a "Gluck-Cyclus" and a "Weber-Cyclus."

MDLLE ANNA MEHLIG, the accomplished and amiable pianist, was married a few days since at Stuttgart, in the Castle Church, to Herr Falk, an Antwerp merchant, or "tradesman" (*Kaufmann*). A great many members of the Stuttgart Art Institute were present, and numerous congratulatory telegrams from musical associations in London, Berlin, New York, &c., were received during the "dinner," which represents what in England is styled a breakfast. Mdlle Bertha Mehligh, the bride's sister, entered the marriage state a short time ago, as already announced in the *Musical World*, and both ladies retire from professional life. (*Tant pis*.—DR BLIDGE.)

RESINA.—After visiting her former pupil, Mme Gerster, at the latter's villa in the vicinity of Bologna, Mme Marchesi is stopping at this place, situated between Vesuvius and the Gulph of Naples. Writing to a friend, she says: "I am sitting with the children on the balcony, with forests of orange trees and the deep blue sea before me, while to my right are the islands of Ischia and Procida, and the city of Naples. What a paradise! Up to the present we have had no signs of great heat. From our dining-room we can see Vesuvius, which is rather angry just now. That, too, is wonderful. We shall be in Vienna again on the 15th September."

To Readers who Read.

Readers who read, not merely for the sake of "reding in roun,"* but for the sake of reading in town, in the dog-days, should read, nay devour, with rampant eagerness, *The Beadle*, a novel now appearing week by week in the columns of our humpbacked, hooknosed, pot-abdomened contemporary, *Mr Punch*. William Makepeace Thackeray wrote Novels by Eminent Hands; so does Makepeace Frank Burnand. Thackeray put himself inside an Irishman, to write *Barry Lindon* more at ease. Like the dwarf in *Micromégas*—I say it advisedly—*il a pris la Nature sur le fait*. Burnand is putting himself inside an Englishman, to narrate more at ease the *Chronicles of Small-Beerjester*. Only, be it understood, the Saxon is just as much a good 'un as the Kelt was a bad 'un. Go on Frank Burnand, and—*Happy thought—go it!*

Theophilus Quer.

* "I was at Ercebdoune—with Thomas spak I there—There heard I rede in roun—Who Tristram gat and bare."—*Thomas the Rhymer*.

PROVINCIAL.

HARROGATE.—The concerts at the Spa are giving general satisfaction. To the list of vocalists has been added the name of Mme Frances Brooke, who made her first appearance on Monday week, and was cordially welcomed. The remembrance of her recent indisposition caused the audience, with whom she is a special favourite, to be more than usually demonstrative. She was compelled to repeat each of her songs—a somewhat arduous task in the circumstances, but accomplished with so much ease by the clever artist as to convince every hearer of her perfect recovery.

BIRMINGHAM.—At the performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* in the Aston Lower Grounds (the most successful since the great hall was opened) the leading singers were Mme Enriquez, Misses Anna Williams, Blanthorne and Clara Myers, Messrs Vernon Rigby, Bridson, Whiston and Westwood. The band and chorus, conducted by Mr C. J. Stevens, numbered 450 performers. The Holte Choral Society display continued improvement, and on the whole, the choral performance was highly creditable. Of Mme Enriquez and Mr Vernon Rigby it is impossible to speak too highly. The powers of both artists were exhibited to the greatest advantage. The rich voice, perfect articulation, and genuine expression of Mme Enriquez, as the Prophet's guardian angel, won the heartiest applause. Her air, "O rest in the Lord," was exquisite, and rapturously encored. Mr Rigby, who sang with all the chasteness and power that so admirably fit him for oratorio music, was in capital voice, and the greetings he received were as cordial as ever. Mr Bridson, as the Prophet, displayed his usual ability. His best effort was *Elijah's* prayer for death, which, given with real pathos and in excellent tune, evoked signs of general approval. Miss Anna Williams, in the music of the Widow and "Hear ye, Israel," exhibited complete mastery over her clear and powerful voice. The trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," by Mme Enriquez, Misses Williams and Myers, was encored. Mr C. J. Stevens conducted with ability, the concert altogether affording satisfaction to a very crowded and attentive audience. In fact, no matter where the grandest oratorio of the nineteenth century is heard, if only adequately performed, it is sure to excite enthusiasm. The Birmingham people are proud of it, and with good reason. Their hospitality to Mendelssohn is historical; but he well repaid it.

SARAH BERNHARDT AT COPENHAGEN.—After the close of her performances in Copenhagen, Mlle Bernhardt "treated" her company to a trip by steamer to Elsinore, where they visited Kronborg Castle and Marienlyst, the grave of Hamlet and Ophelia's spring. The latter spots, I need scarcely say, are entirely mythical. The scenic artist of the Lyceum, if I am not much mistaken, has copied his scenes on the ramparts of Elsinore from the present castle of Kronborg. Of course there is no reason why he should not take Kronborg for his model as well as any other castle, except that its architectural style is later than that of the latest date at which the action of *Hamlet* can be placed. The actual Prince "Amleth," if he ever existed, which is doubtful, had nothing to do with Elsinore.—*ALMAVIVA (London Figaro)*.

ROUND ABOUT ON AND IN THE RHINE.

(From our natural Correspondent.)

FRANKFURT.—The third trial singing of Signor Candidus as Arnold in Rossini's *Tell* terminated with a triumph for the great american tenor in that part—he sung the Duett with Mathilde, his grand air and the Terzetto in the true Italian Method, and the severe critic of the musical town pronounced him as the best that ever before sung the part, and he consequently was engaged for 3 years for the new Operahouse to be opened on the 24th of October.

MANHEIM.—Many of the London admirers of Chamber music will recollect Herr Jean Becker from the Monday popular Concerts, when in its infancy Herr Becker as primo Violino created such sensation for two seasons—Afterwards Herr Becker went to Florence and started the Florentine Quartett and travelled all over Europe except England, obtaining great fame and gain,—as time went on his own children grow in knowledge and with the in borne genius of the father and severe study at Dresden, Stuttgart and Berlin, the young family became artists, and Becker has now launched his Quartetts consisting of Jean Becker, Mlle Jeane Hans and Hugo Becker. As general Fleury said—the Becker Quartett fait des merveilles.—In the North of Germany in Holland and Austrian town Becker has already received the applause due to his talent and his party.

MAYENCE.—The Stadttheatre will open on the 15th September with Bizet's *Carmen* in German,—perhaps with Minnie Hauk if they can get her—They wish they may (get her). L.

To Shaver (Esq.) Silver.

MR CHORLEY'S "MAY QUEEN."

The following remarks about the late Mr Chorley's share in the *May Queen*, have (by a curious coincidence) found their way into the musical columns of the *London Figaro*—

It was a very happy thought on the part of Mr Frederic Cowen to revive for the benefit of a popular audience Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*. Bennett's music has been strangely neglected by Mr Cowen's predecessors, while choral music seems to have suffered a similar fate. In a mixed assemblage, works which demand the assistance of a choir are likely to be far more appreciated than either symphonic or dance music, and there is no reason why cantatas should not form a feature of the regular programmes. Twenty years ago, when Chorley was permitted to exercise in the *Athenaeum* a species of terrorism against those who neglected to take or adopt the articles he was pleased to call his "librettos," the composer had no choice in the matter. The book of *The May Queen* is perhaps one of the worst of Chorley's librettos, and the author by an apology seems to be aware of the fact, for he explains that it was written "many years ago." The cantata, as we know, was first performed at the Leeds Festival in September, 1858, Clara Novello, Sims Reeves, and Weiss singing the chief music, and Sterndale Bennett himself conducting. The overture was written many years before the rest of the work, and was originally known and performed under the title of *Marie du Bois*. Some time ago Mr Carl Rosa had the idea to adapt *The May Queen* for the stage, but he found it impracticable. The reason is not far to seek. Chorley's libretto abounds with incongruities and absurdities which, ridiculous even in the concert room, render it utterly unfitted for stage representation. When we find a bucolic lover spurned by his charmer, who is for the nonce May Queen; when we find that his rival is a spurious Robin Hood, apparently encamped on the banks of the Thames; and when the Queen of England is supposed to be wandering about the river-side meadows, to identify errant peers and unite the village lass with her swain, we may be sure that the book emanates from a man whose librettic education was finished in the school of the poet Bunn. Indeed, some of Chorley's expressions are quite equal to Bunn at his best. When the author talks of 'singing from every heart,' when he makes 'beauty's ear' rhyme with 'forester,' when he makes his pair of lovers 'O'er the same clear river leaning,' in defiance of the fact that the Royal Humane Society was then a thing of the future, and especially when the reign of his May Queen begins 'with the riot of the bee,' it may be taken for granted that the poet is often hard up for a phrase and a rhyme.

[Really, Cherubino, you should be more guarded in your language, as repeatre: bear in mind the *Domino Noir*, *Dinorah*, and (for the sake of the metre), *St Petre*.—*DR BRIDGE*.]

A PROTEST FROM THE MESSRS GATTI.

(To the Editor of the "Daily News.")

SIR,—We were much astonished when we read in your journal of yesterday's date a statement to the effect that we were about to relinquish the management of Covent Garden Theatre, and that our successor was to be Mr Hayes, of Regent Street, who, you announce, will re-open the theatre on the 2nd of October next; the paragraph also states that in the hands of the new lessee (Mr Hayes) the house will continue to be devoted to promenade concerts, varied only by the customary season of pantomime at Christmas. We beg to inform you that there is no foundation for this announcement. As the best proof of the truth of what we state, we beg to say that many months ago we made our arrangements for the production of our pantomime here at next Christmas, entitled *Valentine and Orson*, written by Mr F. C. Burnand. We enclose you a bill announcing this fact and the names of our company. Our artists, Mr Julian Hicks and Mr William Beverly, have for some time past been engaged in carrying out the scenic arrangements. The only colour of truth for introducing Mr Hayes' name in connection with this theatre is the circumstance that this gentleman has arranged with us for an extra season of promenade concerts, under his management, commencing soon after the termination of our present season, during which time we will continue in the possession of the theatre and supply the refreshment department as hitherto. As the statement which has appeared in your paper is calculated to mislead many, evidenced by the numerous inquiries already made to us on the subject, we shall esteem it a favour if you insert this letter in your next publication, giving it the same prominence as the statement.—Yours obediently,

A. and S. GATTI.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, Aug. 31.

MUSIC IN JAPAN.

(From "Dwight's Journal of Music," Boston, U.S.)

Further letters have been received from Mr Luther W. Mason, formerly Supervisor of Music in our Boston schools, who went out last spring, in the employment of the Japanese government, to introduce the study of music, according to our system, into the schools of that empire. It was a formidable undertaking, but liberal provision was made for his residence. He has been treated with respect, and all conveniences have been placed at his disposal, for the carrying out of this great educational experiment, which he has had to begin, as it were, *ab ovo*; for hitherto the Japanese have known nothing of music, in our sense of the word. Their scale consists of only five tones, and their ears have actually to be attuned to the complete scale, which is the basis of all real music. He has, therefore, almost to create the sense, as well as teach the music. Many friends here—indeed, all the friends of popular musical education—are watching with great interest this new work of Mr Mason, who has shown for many years, in our primary schools especially, what we have before called a *genius* for teaching little children both to sing and to read music simple, and in parts. In one of the letters to which we have referred (dated "Tokio, June 27") he writes as follows:—

"I am in very good health; have been at work in the two Normal Schools three months. My success has been greater than I expected for so short a time. The building for the 'School of Music' is finished, and the ten pianos are in their rooms. My first class out of the Normal School is composed of seven court musicians. They are young men, and are anxious to know our music. They have not the slightest idea of any system of harmony. They are much delighted with what I have shown them."

We find the following statement, based on other letters, in the *Transcript*:—

"Professor L. W. Mason, who has gone to Japan to establish a 'school of music' for the educational department of the Imperial Government, is much satisfied with the progress of his labours. By actual experiment, he finds the Japanese teachers readily learn our system of musical notation. They know the Arabic numbers, 1, 2, 3, &c., and, with the aid of the reed organs sent out, have no difficulty in learning the system of the Mason charts. In order to more fully carry out the plans of Professor Mason, money has been sent to this country and instruments purchased in Boston for the establishment of instruction in the use of stringed instruments, and for a court band. Mr Benjamin Cutter, of this city, was commissioned to select the instruments, in expectation of taking charge of the orchestra in Japan."

Verily, the tuneful missionary who has set out to make a

musical people of the Japanese, exhibits a faith, a courage of conviction, like that which revealed a new world to Columbus! But we have no doubt his faith will be rewarded, since we believe that music is a principle divinely planted in the soul, and that it exists potentially, if not actually, in our common human nature everywhere. America has sent out the right man with the key to fit the lock, and realize some of the possibilities of the divine art to the Japanese, who show so much appreciation of the importance to a people of a large and many-sided education.

In case any person should wish to communicate with the Professor on this subject, we add his address—"L. W. Mason, Professor of Music, 16, Kaga Yashiki, Hongo Tokio, Japan."

MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Two concerts have been given at the Etablissement: one on the 25th and the other on the 30th of last month. At the first, M^{me} Billaut-Vauchelet was the singer; M. Bériot, pianist; and M. Viardot, violinist. At the second, M. Kuhe was the pianist.

At the Theatre things go on as usual: *Zampa*, *Dinorah*, *La Fée aux Roses*, *Faust*, and *Les Cloches de Corneville* have drawn crowded houses; but (there's always a *but*) it is much too hot for X. T. R. to go and sit out a long opera, preceded by a vaudeville, or, as on the 22nd, a drama in five acts (*La Grâce de Dieu*), followed by Ambroise Thomas's opera, *Mignon*. X. T. R.

Boulogne-sur-Mer, Sept. 1, 1880.

The operatic season at New Orleans commences on the 8th Nov., with *Robert le Diable*, the leading parts by Mesdames Ambre, Lablache, M^{me} Tournié and Jourdan.

M^{lle} FERNANDA TEDESCA, the young and accomplished American violinist (whom Messrs Gatti ought before now to have introduced to the London public), is making another tour in Germany. According to all accounts her success is great. That it is merited we are well assured.

In the absence of Mr Carl Rosa and his chief lieutenant, Sig. Randegger, the performances of the operatic company are variously conducted by Messrs Pew and Betjeman.

MR SANTLEY, our famous barytone, was to make his first appearance at Messrs Gatti's Covent Garden Concerts last night. He leaves London on Sunday for the Gloucester Festival.

Amongst the novelties in Christmas Cards Messrs Marcus Ward & Co. are preparing for the forthcoming season is a set of six folding triptych cards, illuminated in the highest style of chromolithography with original songs, composed expressly for this purpose by Alfred Scott Gatty, W. C. Levey, Boyton Smith, B. Hobson Carroll, and F. Harvey. The words of the songs are by the popular verse writer Frederick Langbridge, and the retail price of each will, we understand, be only one shilling. (*Advertisement.*)

WASHFORD.—We are informed that the Washford Musical Society intends to give a series of historical concerts during the present year, the object being to afford lovers of music an opportunity of studying the works of composers of various nations and times. The first concert will include pieces by Palestrina, Astorga, Purcell, and many other musicians of the period. The conductor will be Mr. T. J. Dudeney of Dunster, who has won golden opinions by his able direction of the Macfarren and Sterndale Bennett concerts.

THE SPANISH STUDENTS.—On Wednesday evening the Spanish Students gave a concert at St James's Hall. We were sorry to see a very small attendance, but the concert had been scarcely advertised at all, and few people knew that it was going to take place. The programme consisted of the usual selection of operatic, patriotic, and dance music. It was rendered by the "Estudiantina" with the machine-like precision and perfect mastery of the guitar for which they have made themselves so favourably known; and their efforts in some pieces, notably the overture to Flotow's *Martha*, were exceedingly striking. They appeared, as usual, in their graceful costume of black, with knee-breeches, flowing mantle, and ribbons of the national colours, but would have looked the better for a less sombre background than an empty orchestra. With such a costume one expects naturally the surroundings of a Spanish landscape, a balcony overhung with flowers, and a lady in a mantilla listening behind her fan to the serenade below. However, if the scene be incomplete, the performance is excellent, and the Spanish Students evoke thunders of applause. With a conductor like Mr V. Mora and a manager like Mr L. Grahame they deserve success in their forthcoming provincial tour.—*Citizen.*

CARL ROSA IN MANCHESTER.



At the Prince's Theatre.

MANAGER.—Here I am again, my good and constant patrons. Hope you are all well.

Mr Carl Rosa is doing first-rate business at Manchester, notwithstanding the provokingly fine weather, which tempts well-to-do inhabitants of crowded cities to the sea-side, the fields and the hedges. Flotow's *Stradella*, with the merits of which our readers have long been made acquainted, has been given with the same success as recently in Dublin. The *Manchester Examiner and Times*, after a lengthy description of the work, which it would be superfluous to quote, writes about the performance as under:—

"The part of Stradella was sustained by Mr Joseph Maas, who, on his appearance, was greeted by the audience in a style which must have been flattering even after a season of metropolitan success. Mr Maas's rich and beautiful tenor was heard with manifest pleasure, and the music of the part was rendered with a degree of artistic ability which frequently drew forth the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience. In the serenades he displayed *rare sweetness of intonation*, and his rendering of the song, 'There in Albruzzi,' was most brilliant. The most perfect specimen of his great capacity as a singer was, however, his delivery of the 'Sancta Maria.' It was decidedly the song of the opera, and quite charmed the audience by the strength of its delicious melody. Miss Julia Gaylord was successful as Leonora. The aria, 'Of the sweet rapture my heart filling,' was *tunefully rendered*, and in the concerted music she sustained her part admirably. Mr J. W. Turner's 'Barbarino' was a very praiseworthy performance, of even merit, and in a duet previous to the *finale* he sang with great power. Mr Szazelle made a *very amusing and very melodious* *Mabrolio*, and the part of the Bassi was adequately sustained by Mr Leahy. The *Bohemian Girl*, of which Mr Carl Rosa has the sole right of production, will be performed to-night, and, doubtless, many will find pleasure in renewing their acquaintance with one of the most beautiful of modern operas."

Without pretending to know what "sweetness of intonation," "strength of delicious melody," "tunefully rendered," or "a very melodious Mabrolio," may absolutely signify, we are not surprised to learn that Mr Joseph Maas has achieved a genuine success as Stradella, or that Miss Gaylord was a charming (she is always charming) Leonora. In its notice of *Mignon* the *Guardian*, after some general observations, writes as follows:—

"The public always find a sufficient number of familiar and favourite names amongst Mr Rosa's *corps* to assure them of excellent performances. They go to the theatre with a full assurance of enjoyment, and with none of the restraining doubts so common on ordinary occasions to stand between their desire and its indulgence. Amongst the ladies, Miss Gaylord and Miss Burns stand conspicuous, and Miss Yorke was certainly never better in some respects than now. Mr Maas has so entirely justified the high encomiums we paid his performances when he first joined the company that we need do no more than refer to him. His fame is too well established to need further commendation. The highest standard must in future be applied to his singing, and the public will be content with nothing short of the highest achievement. There are some new names amongst the tenors, but we still find that of Mr Turner, while Mr Nordblom

has re-joined the company, and our friend Lyall is where we long hope to see him. His talents are inimitable and unique. (Hear! Hear!—Dr. BRIDGE). The baritones are exceptionally strong. Mr Ludwig is a singer of singular dramatic ability, whom it is most undesirable to omit from a company of this stamp. Mr Crotty is fast rising to a distinguished position, and several other gentlemen in this department have more than respectable ability."

Thus far well. It is to be hoped that Mr Rosa's tour may be throughout as successful; for, now that he throws aside the mask of "English Opera," no one better than he deserves success. English opera is a delusion—a fact of which by this time, Mr Rosa must be convinced. One bar of *Stradella* (Flotow's weakest opera) is worth all that John Barnett, Edward Loder, Macfarren, and Company have done together. Unfortunately for Mr Rosa, he can't do without the *Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana*; but these (fortunately) are Irish operas.

DROPS FROM A WATER-BOOK.

1.

Perhaps the most symbolically nervous rhyme in the American language may be deduced from the couplet hereby:—

"Get out of the way old Dan Tucker,
You're too late to come for supper."

It can only be matched with that addressed to a warm admirer of Rossini's Babylonian music, by a legal functionary out of Baltimore:—

"Invariably I'm myself beside
When they play the march in *Semiramide*."

—an example of what the Mormons call "sight-rhyme."

2.

Take, for example, a rhyme by Bertram of Beddington:—

"I once went out to roam
And made my way to Frome
I started thence for Rome
And slept that night at home."

No *double-entendre* is here involved. Simply a dream evolved. Mark the difference between this dream and the dream of the "great black anchor" which troubled the repose of Shelley's Marianne.

3.

Charles Lyall! Why don't you take my portrait, or make my caricature? My name is Moist.
PAUL MOIST.

THE DESERTED FARM.*

I.	II.
The elms were old, and gnarled, and bent,	The last who ever had ploughed the sod [lay;
The fields, untill'd, were cloth'd with weeds,	Now in the furrowed churchyard
Where every year the thistles sent	The boy who whistled to lighten his toil,
Wider and wider their winged seeds.	Was a sexton somewhere far away.
Farther and farther the nettles and dock	Instead, you saw how the rabbit and mole
Went colouring o'er the plain,	Barrow'd and furrow'd with never
Growing each season a plentiful stock	How the travelling fox look'd out of his hole,
Of burrs to protect their wild domain.	Like one who notes if the skies are

III.
No mower was there to startle the birds
With the noise of his raking scythe,
The quail, like a cow-boy calling his herds,
Whistled to tell that his heart was blithe.
Now all was bequeath'd with pious care—
The groves and fields fence'd round with briars,
To the birds that sing in the cloisters of air,
And the squirrels those merry woodland friars.

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WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

MR WILFORD MORGAN, the Drury Lane tenor *par excellence*, has returned from a tour in Belgium, Germany, Denmark, and Sweden. At Mamoo (Sweden) he met with Trebelli, with whom he conversed on art, politics, and Scandinavian husbandry. The one (M.) was so bewitched with the other (T.) that, but for circumstances, hexameters might have cropped up.

WAIFS.

A new opera, *Annita*, by Vigoni, has been produced at Verona. Mad. Sachse-Hofmeister is engaged at the Stadttheater, Leipsic. Dr Carl Piutti has been appointed organist at St Thomas' Church, Leipsic.

Sir Julius and Lady Benedict left these shores for Stuttgart on Saturday.

Mr Barton McGuckin is the vocalist at the Brighton Aquarium concert to-day.

Some important improvements are contemplated in the interior of the Scala, Milan.

Mr Josiah Pittman has returned to London, after a brief visit to Spain and Portugal.

Franz Liszt has again left Weimar for Rome. (To raise the ghost of Pío Nono?—Dr BUDGE.)

Sig. Muzio, the famous conductor, has gone to visit his master and friend, Verdi, at Santa-Agatha.

Theodor Wachtel is singing at Kroll's, Berlin. He opened, as usual, with the *Postillon de Longjumeau*.

The Tonic Sol-fa system is to be taught in the University, Michigan (U.S.), in addition to the ordinary notation.

It is said that the great Italian tragedian, Tomaso Salvini, will shortly give a series of performances in America.

Herr Emil Claar has been appointed Intendant of the United Town Theatres, Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, for five years.

Sig. Ciampi (of the Royal Italian Opera) was lately robbed of 10,000 francs at a watering-place in the Pyrenees.

A four-act opera, *The Two Fugitives of Moscow*, by Sig. Scipione Fenzi, is to be produced in the old Russian capital.

Two meetings of Delegates from the General Association of Musicians were held in Leipsic on the 24th and 25th ult.

Sig. Ravelli, of Her Majesty's, is engaged by Mr Mapleson for the coming season at the Academy of Music, New York.

Mad. Carvalho, the vocalist, and Camillo Sivori, the violinist, have been singing and playing at the Casino, Dieppe.

The Messiah will be given on the 11th October by the Handel and Haydn Society at the Tremont Temple, Boston (U.S.).

Mdlle Lilli Lehmann lately fell down fifteen steps of a stone staircase, at the Theatre Royal, Berlin, and was severely injured.

Herr Adolphe Fischer, the violoncellist, returns on the 26th inst. to America, where he has accepted engagements for the winter.

Mr Charles A. Adams, the American tenor (Alfred Mellon's Masaniello, years ago—Dr BUDGE), is in the White Mountains.

Sig. Alberto Randegger has come back from Dublin, where he conducted the performances of the Carl Rosa Operatic Company.

Spittel, Court Organist and Director of the School of Music, Gotha, has been created a "Musikdirector" by the reigning Duke.

S. Bagge, Director of the School of Music, Basle, has had the degree of Dr. Ph. "honoris causa" conferred on him by the University.

Two members of the Italian opera-company, Mdlle Franzini, of the *corps-de-ballet*, and Sig. Citterio, violinist, died lately of yellow fever at Rio Janiero.

Anton Rubinstein's opera *The Demon*, is to be produced at Hamburg in the early part of November.—His *Nero* will be given next winter at the National Theatre, Pesth.

Señor Torres, a dancer at the Teatro del Buen Retiro, Barcelona, displayed so much energy in a recent performance, that he danced off the stage into the orchestra and fractured his collar-bone.

Albert Hofmann, founder of *Kladderadatsch*, proprietor of the Friedrich-Wilhelmstädtisches Theater, and one of the most popular literary characters in Berlin, died lately in that city, aged 62.

Sig. and Mdme Arditì have returned to London from Boulogne-sur-Mer. Sig. Arditì is to sail for New York a fortnight or so hence, as musical director of Mr Mapleson's Italian Opera Company.

Dell' Orefice, De Nardis, Gonzales, Rossomandi, Lebano, and Costa, local musicians of more or less standing, are about to start a School for harmony, counterpoint, composition, singing, pianoforte, harp, &c., in opposition to the Naples Royal Conservatory.

It is scarcely strange that the French hotel-keepers refused to receive the body of poor Adelaide Neilson, when the priest denied Christian burial to their greatest dramatic author, Moliere, and their greatest tragedian, Adrienne Lecouvreur, rival of the Princesse de Bouillon for the affections of the brave but dissolute Maurice de Saxe. About the latter, it is well known that she left a large sum to "les pauvres de Paris;" this was greedily accepted by the curé

of Sainte Sulpice, while the corpse of the gifted actress was hidden in a timber-yard, called La Grenouillère, at the corner of what are now the Rues de Grenelles and de Bourgogne, Faubourg Saint Germain. Of the former, when the priests refused a sepulchre in consecrated ground to the Shakspeare of France, Louis, "Le grand monarque," inquired "How deep does the holy ground go?" "Seven feet," replied the Abbot. "Then," said the King, with a smile worthy of Diogenes, "let the depth of the grave be fourteen feet."—*The London Light*.

MESSRS. GATTI'S PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Whatever may be said, about these popular musical assemblies, everyone will allow that great variety distinguishes all the programmes. Each evening something new is presented, and although "first time" is affixed to many of the works, it must not be understood as meaning first time in England but first time at these concerts. For instance, Harold Thomas's overture, "Mountain, Lake, and Moorland," was given by the Philharmonic Society on the 19th February this year, and received with great enthusiasm. Its performance on Friday last made a deep impression, and I shall feel very much surprised if, when published, it does not become a very popular work. Mr F. H. Cowen merits the greatest praise for the manner in which he is bringing forward the works of young composers. Something like a romance seems to hang about another item in the same concert, "Suite for orchestra" (in the Black Forest), first time—F. Corder. This composer, brought up to business, leaves the desk, and enters the Royal Academy of Music as a student. Taking the Mendelssohn scholarship in 1875, he goes for study to Germany and Italy. Fascinated with his work, he has a holiday, and, with his tutor, Dr Ferdinand Hiller, in the Black Forest, thinks over the subject of his Opus. 1, which Mr Manns, with his proverbial courtesy to young musicians, presents for the first time March 20th in the present year at the Crystal Palace. Mr Cowen tried to make its beauties apparent, but a promenade audience failed to catch the "Noontide stillness," characterising the third movement, and "Sun-rise," the first movement, was left out altogether, but "The echo" and "The evening at the inn," by their originality and spirit, commanded attention. If this is Mr Corder's No. 1, I look with interest to those numbers which I hope have followed a work not only good in itself, but remarkable from the early place it takes in the composer's thoughts.—*Phosphor*.

MY OWN, TRUE HEART! *

(Impromptu for Music.)

I trod the pathways of a budding wood
One spring-tide morn, to hold Love's happy tryst;
While Zephyr bending, the blue violets kiss'd
With softest touch of his caressing mood.
And she was there—my own true heart was there,
A knot of amethyst blossoms at her breast—
A sunbeam circling all her golden hair,
Her little hands in joy together prest.
I caught her in my arms, and whisper'd low,
"My life's sweet heart! my own for ever now!"

I wander'd 'neath the woodland's deepen'd shade,
Whose emerald lustres shielded me at noon;
While all the wild blooms lay in dreamy swoon,
And all the leaves a mystic sighing made.
And she was there—my own true heart was there!
Her dear eyes floating in Joy's sunlit tide—
While crimson roses 'mid her braided hair
Replaced the snowy myrtles of the bride—
Thus drank we in the splendours of the hour,
Hand-link'd, soul-blent by Love's supernal power!

I watch the orange flames set all ablaze
The woodlands' funeral pyre—they, e'en in death,
Sing requiems sweet with their last sighing breath,
As o'er them closes evening's purple haze.
And she is there—my own true heart is there,
A filmy cloud of soft and gem-starr'd lace,
Just veiling half the glory of her hair—
Just framing in the beauty of her face.
In autumn thus we stand, as in the spring,
To Heavenward rise on winter's argent wing!

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A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

At the Carnarvon National Eisteddfod, Mr Musgrave Tufnail carried off the first prize of three guineas for singing the impressive bass air, "It is enough," from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*. Mr Tufnail is a pupil of Mr Frederick Walker.

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And our hearts were full of mystery,
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